

## Like My New Piercing?

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## Like My New Piercing?

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

“My piercing?” Dream taunted, knocking the metal in question against his teeth. “You like my piercing?”

*Like my new piercing?* It felt sickly familiar, but undeniably hotter when it was spoken word again panting lips. George sucked in a breath and shut his eyes, let his mind fill with a reddened haze that came with the sharp sound of metal on teeth. He wished it was his teeth.

“Yeah,” he huffed, “I like your piercing.”

Dream got a tongue piercing, and George almost wishes he wasn't so intrigued by it.

### Notes

uh so i told my twitter that if i hit 1k i'd post this and i hit 1k in like. less than hour. so. :)

BUT it has been a hot minute since i posted pure piercing smut (and by that i mean its been since 'piercing') so i give you - smut where the entire plot is "oh fuck dream has a tongue piercing"

when you are mars isn't it crazy, you let the entire dteam have a turn with a tongue piercing  
>:)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George still remembered the first snap Dream sent him of it. It had taken every ounce of his self-restraint to not screenshot it.

He probably wouldn't need the screenshot, though. He'd practically burned the image of it on the backs of his eyelids right then, right in the first moment he'd seen it. Maybe his image of the photo had grown corrupted over time, but George would never know the difference—and it wasn't like Dream hadn't sent him pictures since.

What made the first one so special—besides the fact that it was the first—was just how unexpected it was. For one, Dream rarely sent George pictures. When they talked on Snapchat, it was strictly under the *chat* feature, and if Dream shared an image it was either a stupid meme, a picture of Patches, or a black screen with text on it (which felt a little useless, but Dream would be Dream).

So when George opened the snap, he was expecting one of those things. Expecting something he knew, expecting something tired—essentially, expecting *nothing*.

He was *not* expecting to find a clever angle on Dream's face, his phone held in just the right spot to expose nothing but the space between the bottom of his nose and the middle of his clothed chest. George would've been startled enough by any picture of Dream with how rarely he got them, but it was made worse by the blond's tongue lolled out, a pretty sphere of metal shining at the center of it.

*like my new piercing?*

George read over that line text at least a thousand times. He stared at the metal in Dream's tongue for at least a thousand years.

This had to be some kind of joke. A fake piercing, an edit, *something*. For all George knew, this wasn't even Dream's face. But he could recognize that jawline and the sliver of his bedroom behind him from the other rare photos that he'd etched into his brain, stored away in an attempt to build the most accurate depiction of Dream as he possibly could. He needed the fabricated image of his best friend for... reasons.

But Dream had a tongue piercing. *Dream had a tongue piercing?* When he finally clicked out of the photo, he sought to ask something of that effect. He considered sending a picture of his own face back, maybe sticking out his own tongue and making some joke about lacking the hot jewelry Dream wore. But he was far too flustered and red-faced for any of that, opting for the chat message in its place.

*is that real?*

The lurk of Dream typing was terrifying. Fear manifested in George's core, as if he had somehow managed to say the wrong thing—though he hadn't even said much at all.

*of course it's real*

*do you like it?*

Why did Dream seem to care so much that George liked it?

Even still, he confirmed that he did, and that was that. George almost hoped he could forget about it entirely, but even knew that was foolish at best.

He wasn't reminded only by his own mind, either. He could hear the click of the metal against Dream's teeth on calls if he sat close enough to the mic, and he was forced to sit there and imagine the way Dream was playing with the jewelry at his desk.

About a month later, George got the second picture of Dream's piercing. It was a similar angle—still hiding the most identifying parts of Dream's face—but he'd flicked the barbell between his front teeth so the ball stuck out against them, tongue still rolled into his mouth. And he was smirking, *smirking*, an expression that was so grossly cocky and stupid hot on his lips.

*got the barbell switched*

George knew that was a part of the whole thing, that after the piercing healed you had to go back and get a better fit on your jewelry. (He totally didn't do any non-innocent googling after the first picture he'd received). He almost hated that Dream felt the need to tell him, that he felt the need to tell him with that damn *picture*, just another thing to store in his memory forever and hold back from screenshotting.

It was difficult to think of something to say without sounding too idiotic or desperate. He tried a lot harder to avoid the latter.

*looks good*

For seven months, Dream didn't quit. He sent significantly more pictures to George than he ever had before, all of them on Snapchat, all of them temporary. All of them forcing George to quell the twitch of his fingers in a want to save the image forever, save it in a pretty folder on his phone that he could go back to whenever he pleased. And he'd stare at them forever upon opening, refusing to let himself replay them, feeling so vulnerable and exposed in Snapchat conversations—they'd never been his preference.

He kept every single image stored in the back of his mind. Every position Dream had wrangled his tongue into to keep the photos interesting.

The twist so he licked at his top row of teeth, exposing the matching silver ball that poked out the underside of his tongue. Keeping his tongue in his mouth and only dropping his lips open, the metal only a gleam against the darkness. Licking his lips with intent, rolling spheres over soft skin and leaving George with the ever-tantalizing thought of the same glide against his own lips.

Three months into the pitiful seven, Dream started sending videos. Just him playing with it, clicking it against his teeth like he did near his mic, rolling the metal over his lips, giving George a side profile while he stuck out his tongue.

Dream was being such a fucking tease. And George was losing his mind.

He didn't realize just how bad the problem had gotten until he was buying a tongue ring online. Not even when he bought it—he'd made the purchase in a fit of horny frustration at the thought of Dream's tongue on him—the shame didn't hit him until the package showed up at his front door.

George held the piece of jewelry between his fingers. Twisted the cold metal against the pads, feeling the roll of the spheres against his skin. He had spent enough time daydreaming about what this would feel like if Dream put his mouth on him, and now he had something to make it better.

He'd lay on his bed with his eyes shut and glide the metal down his bare skin, imagining the warm wetness of a tongue to accompany it.

He spent way too much time playing with that tiny piece of jewelry. It started in near-innocent glides over his chest, though the hand on his cock would demand against his thoughts of innocence. But it continued to devolve, and George would slip between it his lips and roll it over his cock, dig the sphere of the barbell into the slit to feel the chill of the metal.

It got worse when he finally met Dream in person.

He was set to be in Florida for a whole month. *A month.* Dream was gracious enough to offer the guest room in his house, and George wasn't about to turn that down in favor of a hotel or something. He spent the weeks leading up to his flight in constant anxiety, and he realized the day before he was set to leave that he'd been touching himself a lot more since he got those plane tickets.

He tried to blame it on nerves and a need for release, attempting to ignore the voice in his head that screamed it was the fault of Dream. The fault of seeing Dream, the knowledge that soon enough he'd see his face, see that too-hot tongue piercing in person. George expected the worst on his flight out, spending every hour of it awake and completely lost in his head.

Somehow, it managed to be worse than he'd expected. And he hadn't been expecting anything great.

Dream was waiting for George at the airport with a sign in his hand, one adorned with George's name in big blue marker, bright enough for him to catch from what felt like a mile away. And their embrace in the middle of baggage claim was perfect, and Dream's body was so warm against his and he was so *tall*, and he almost wanted to stay like this forever.

But Dream pulled back, asked George if he looked how he expected him to. George laughed and said "*not quite*" which was true. He had always been careful in the way he chose Dream's features for his fantasies, careful not to form him so perfect and exactly his type.

Turns out Dream was exactly his type. The jawline that George already knew well looked better in person, and his eyes were pretty even through protan, and his hair was messed up in the cute, fluffy way, his nose and cheeks adorned with pretty freckles. George wanted to be jealous, but jokes in Dream's lilted tone about *pretty privilege* rang through his head.

Maybe Dream had pretty privilege.

Everything was terrible the moment they got in the car. Dream let George rattle on about his flight, about the trip, about whatever he wanted while Dream drove them back to his house. He sat still and attentive with two hands on the wheel, and George learned right then just how much the blond liked to play with his piercing.

It was constant. It clicked against his teeth, rolled on his lips, and Dream liked to slide the bar of the jewelry between his teeth way too much for it to be okay. Even when it wasn't visible and the click wasn't ringing, George could tell that Dream was twisting his tongue in his mouth, surely attempting to glide it over the metal or rub it against his teeth.

George tried to focus on what he was talking about. He tried so, so hard.

When he finally got to the guest room in Dream's house and shut the door, George screamed into his pillow. He felt completely *pathetic*. He was rendered near-useless by nothing more than his

friend's face and the stupid piece of metal that he hid in his mouth, and he almost wished it would all go away.

After unpacking with a whole mess of thoughts, he emerged from the guest room into the light of the kitchen. Dream seemed to be washing dishes, humming a tune George couldn't seem to recognize while he worked. He tipped his head over his shoulder once George had made enough noise, grinned in his direction with that pretty shine of teeth.

"Hey, George," he nodded in his direction, "are you hungry?"

George shrugged. "Not really." He was too nervous to eat. "I'm never very hungry when I travel."

That was a lie.

"Oh," Dream turned his head away from George, turning off the sink with a creak from the faucet. "Tell me if that changes."

George nodded even though Dream couldn't see it. "Yeah."

When Dream turned around again, he was smiling even wider than he had been before. And he walked toward George with careful steps, stood right in front of him in a way that forced George to look up to meet his eyes.

It made him feel terribly short. Maybe he wasn't as against it as he thought he'd be.

"I can't believe you're here."

When they stood this close, George could see something metallic every time Dream spoke.

"Me neither."

He sounded a little too breathless for it to just be that—for it to just be the notion of *finally here*. Dream seemed to notice, raising an eyebrow carefully with a mirthful look behind his emerald eyes. George tried to give him an incredulous look back, but something about the cocky edge to Dream's expression spun him nothing but flustered.

"You looking at something?"

Pure, unadulterated arrogance. If George weren't so pink and nervous, he may have wanted to punch Dream in the face. But in his current state, he could do nothing but flit his eyes upward to finally find Dream's gaze, realize in a startle that he'd been staring at his mouth this whole time.

His *mouth*—with his smirking lips and a metal-shaded promise hiding behind that cheshire grin. He even clicked it against his teeth as if in emphasis, the two of them stood close enough together for George to hear it loud and clear.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

It was surprising that he'd managed to get that many words out. It was *not* surprising that his eyes had fallen away from Dream's gaze in favor of staring at the wall behind him, though.

"Oh, come on now," Dream shifted ever-closer. "I'm not blind, George."

George couldn't help but notice that Dream had spread his lips apart, couldn't help but notice the way he was rolling the barbell over his top lip like a promise. It was so slow, so *deliberate*, so hotly paired with eye contact that George knew it had to mean something.

“And so what if I am?”

Even with the lilt of tease, George still sounded so *pathetic*. Dream laughed under his breath at the tone, laughed at the way George had been so quickly spun into nothing without much of a fight. He stretched his hand out to place fingers on George’s chin, tilted his head up to get a better look at him.

“Tell me,” Dream spoke with a too-seductive slowness, “tell me what caught your eye.”

The latch of a barbell between his teeth said he already knew, and he did.

George looked at the wall beside him like it was the most interesting thing in the world. Clearly, it was not—beige had always been a terribly unexciting color. But George watched it like it was anything but, let Dream’s lust-laden gaze burn holes into the side of his head.

“Georgie,” the grip on his jaw tightened, “spit it out.”

He tried not to whimper, he really did. But the feeling of Dream’s fingers gripping onto his jaw, the feeling of his blunt nails edging against his skin—it was all too much to handle, and the noise fell past his lips before he had enough time to bite them.

Dream laughed, dared to tighten his hold even firmer. George would’ve loathed the way he was so stubborn, so set on hearing George say it despite already knowing the words. *Would’ve*, if only it weren’t so hot.

“Your piercing.”

The laugh he got in response drew his eyes back, back to the way Dream’s lips had spread open on the sound as his eyes edged darker with the ebon of lust. The tips of his fingers dug into George’s skin, forced his head to tip upwards at an even more unnatural angle, pulled another whimper up the back of George’s throat—he was able to stifle it this time, but only just barely.

“My piercing?” Dream taunted, knocking the metal in question against his teeth. “You like my piercing?”

*Like my new piercing?* It felt sickly familiar, but undeniably hotter when it was spoken word again panting lips. George sucked in a breath and shut his eyes, let his mind fill with a reddened haze that came with the sharp sound of metal on teeth. He wished it was his teeth.

“Yeah,” he huffed, “I like your piercing.”

Dream laughed his too-hot laugh again, and George felt him lean in closer to his shut-eyed face. Felt him breathe hot breath against parted lips, heard the drag of metal jewelry against the edges of a row of teeth. His breath stuttered and caught in his chest, and it would be stupid to think Dream hadn’t noticed.

“Wanna know how it feels?”

George’s breathing faltered again, eyes slipping open in a lidded, thin haze. He caught Dream’s eyes just barely through the wisps of his lashes, caught the drag of metal against his teeth where he could see it, caught the gleam of spit if he paid enough attention to the shine.

He may as well be dead on the floor, for what it’s worth. Surely, Dream would leave him much worse than that.

“Please.”

One breathy little word, one pathetic syllable—and Dream had slotted their lips together like they belonged. George nearly cursed himself for how quickly they’d ended up here, how few conversations they’d shared in-person before it was his lips shoved against Dream’s in the middle of his kitchen. But maybe it was always meant to be like this, maybe it had been solidified with unbroken promise the moment Dream got a piece of metal stuck through his tongue.

And because it had always been about that piece of metal, Dream wasted no time putting it to good use. The only thing George had done was raise up on his toes, leaned forward to flatten palms against the front of Dream’s chest when he felt it. *It* being the piercing in question—the glide of silver against slowly-parting lips, a lax deliberacy hiding beneath the movement.

It was colder than the pink of Dream’s tongue, but it was undeniably warmed by it’s place inside his mouth. And Dream edged George’s lips open with the tip of his tongue, urged him to spread his mouth wide and uncaring and *feel it*. His tongue sank into George’s mouth with a slick chill, with the taste of undying metal and something a little more *Dream*. He tasted like filthy promises and words beneath breath, tasted like silver beneath the light where it gleamed with slick spit.

George was already whining, and he could feel the responding smirk where it pressed against his lips. Arrogance manifested in flicked tongues and gentle strikes against ivory teeth, manifested in large hands around a small waist and a harsh tug closer. Thin fingers tightened in the fabric of Dream’s shirt, feet slipped against tile and forced their lips together harder still.

The spheres of a silver barbell managed to hit both George’s tongue and the roof of his mouth when he tightened his lips, when he clung onto the gentle tang of metal like it hid his dying breath. And he whimpered when it caught against his bottom lip, twisted in Dream’s arms with lost balance and pathetic desperation.

He had barely realized they were moving until his back hit the wall. Until there were hands on the backs of his thighs—gripping with the roughest type of claim—until he was being lifted up off the ground and wrapping his legs around Dream’s waist.

Dream held him there like it was nothing. Shoved their hips together with unbelievable closeness, pushed George’s back harder into the wall until he felt like it might crack. And a pierced tongue licked back into his mouth with drips of eternal flame, with another rough click against top teeth that George wanted to chase.

But Dream was reeling back, tugging his lips away and taking the tantalizing metal with him. Lolling his tongue out to drag the barbell against the skin surrounding George’s mouth, licking over still-parted lips that stuttered over every single breath. There was still a wicked smirk spread across his face, visible even through the gape of his pretty mouth. And George knew that he looked nothing short of pathetic in that moment—with his back against the wall and his arms around broad shoulders, with his slick lips split and his eyelids too heavy.

He didn’t even want to know what shade of pink his face was, he already knew it was way too dark.

Dream pulled away properly, made up for newfound distance with the harsher shove of hips. It pinned George better against the wall, left less space between *that* part of their bodies and let him feel everything just a little too well.

George whimpered. Dream laughed.

“Feel good?”

The strong edge of cockiness that littered his tone was undying, and George could do nothing but whine. He forced himself to nod with a pitiful amount of difficulty, feeling the hands that swallowed his waist squeeze tighter with a grin. Dream shoved wet lips against an empty jawline and swirled his metal-adorned tongue against pale skin, trailed his mouth lower still until he caught someplace he liked.

George could feel every flick of dangerous metal, could feel every drag of a wet tongue. It was a wet glide against his smooth skin, up and down the column of his throat with filthy intent. But it was when he stopped that it got worse, when Dream picked a single place and dug teeth in alongside his jewelry. When he ran the barbell over divots left in tooth-shaped promises, when skin started turning red in the beginnings of a bruise.

It was worse when George knew that he was trying to leave a mark, worse when he knew that he’d never be able to hide it. But there was something to say about visibility, about *claiming*, about going on stream with drags of amethyst spread all across his neck and the unspoken knowledge that it had all been Dream.

“Oh, god,” George whispered, and he wasn’t sure whether it was in response to the dig of ivory teeth or the haze he’d let his mind fall into.

Either way, Dream seemed to like it. Seemed to like the hands that latched in his hair just as much, seemed to like the tug that drew his mouth closer even more. It hit silver metal against George’s bruising skin, dug the tips of blunt-nailed fingers into a slim waist with enough ferocity to lay in orchid.

“Dream,” he whispered, and the man in question only shoved their hips even closer still. “*Dream.*”

A responding hum was the best he was going to get, the feeling of curling lips where they pushed against his skin. When curling lips became tongue-warmed piercings, when quiet breaths became desperate whimpers.

George tugged on his hair, threaded his fingers beneath the strands and saw how far he could take it. And when it became groaning into his neck, when it became the harsher dig of teeth and an unforgiving mouth, he let up with a whimper. And Dream’s head pulled up to follow a forgotten grip, the look in his dark eyes nothing short of *dangerous*.

George swallowed thickly. He knew the motion of his throat had to be visible.

“What?” Dream spit with a twisted grin. “Something you want, doll?”

Something in that name rolled a shiver down George’s spine, one harsh enough to shake his body where it was pressed up against Dream. And he could tell that he’d noticed when an already too-wide grin dared to spread further, when it carved the shape into his tan skin and pink lips with cocky permanence.

Even still, George couldn’t answer more than squirming. More than trying to kick his legs where they were caught around Dream’s waist, but firm hands against his ass urged him to keep still. Just as harsh-tinted eyes begged him for a verbal answer, just as the tip of a head that took that strong gaze with it.

“Words, baby.” George whimpered instead of obeying. “Tell me what you want.”

Through pathetically stuttered breath, George gasped out his answer. “You.”

Dream laughed in the hot way, in the terribly arrogant way that hung like loops in the air around them. But it spread his lips wide enough to expose the silver flash of a piercing, argent-colored promise beneath the shitty lights of his kitchen. And George swallowed again, swallowed nothing but saliva that ran thicker and hotter than usual.

“Me?” Dream raised an eyebrow, hands tightened below George’s waist when he tipped their heads close enough for lips to touch. “Want me to suck your dick?”

George whined, and with the confidence of a man who’d had this fantasy a thousand times over he gasped out a “*please.*” There wasn’t even a lick of confidence behind that whimper, for it had all clung to Dream’s lips where he laughed with cocky ease.

And he swept George away to his bedroom, carried him with legs around his waist until the door was shut behind them. But he didn’t drop George onto the bed like he’d expected, he didn’t even carry him over there—he placed him down on the floor by the door, let his back strike against the wood with unsurprising instability while Dream tugged off both their shirts.

But before George could even so much as *think* about dragging fingers along Dream’s newly exposed skin, he’d dropped to his knees.

Breath hitched in a marked-up throat, opposing eyelashes fluttered when gazes locked. Large hands landed on George’s waist, toyed with the strings of his sweatpants and trailed along the outline of his cock.

“You want this?” Dream asked, catching the barbell between his front teeth with a glimmering promise.

George nodded quickly. “Bad.”

Dream laughed in lowness beneath his breath, leaned forward to drag his lips along George’s cock through the fabric of his pants. Even with the obstruction, it was still undeniably warm—and George could still feel the piercing he so desperately wanted. Felt it when Dream flattened his tongue in a glide, felt it when he pushed down with enough force to dig.

Pale hands found catch in golden hair again, quiet gasps falling past pink lips. And it was the mouth that was currently drooling on cock that dared to grin, the mouth that hid a too-hot piercing and a world full of slick promise. George whined with pathetic impatience, a hope somewhere within him that his batted eyelashes and pleading eyes would be enough to make Dream *hurry up*.

It seemed that his prayers were answered when fingers slipped in beneath his waistband, when warm lips pulled off his cock to take it out. And he did nothing but breathe for a moment too long, nothing but drag his hand up the length of George’s cock with enough intentional slowness to feel every dip in his palm where his hand curled.

George didn’t even realize he was whining until the look in Dream’s eyes twisted, until there were lips pushed against the head of his cock and a pretty slick of metal toying with the slit. And whines quickly turned into breathy moans, hands moved to tug harsher on too-long hair when a tongue swirled around the head of George’s cock and he lost every remaining thought in his sorry little mind.

Dream dipped his head down, dragged tightening lips along the length of George’s cock and ran the sphere of his piercing along the underside. And it dragged right up against a pulsing vein, made George’s entire body run both hot and cold at the exact same time when a choking moan spilled past his lips.

Those same dreadful lips were quick to retreat, silver metal flicking at the head of his cock in a swirling motion. And George's breath quickened, spilled from pink lips in gasps that he could barely keep up with. Dream dragged the sphere of his piercing against the slit again, a quiet laugh hiding somewhere beneath his tongue.

"So responsive," he teased, dragging a hand up to the head of George's cock to smear the precum down his length. "Hot."

George sputtered, twisting against the door. And Dream dipped his head down again, knocked his lips against the base to pull a gasping whine past George's lips, dragged up with an intentional roughness hiding behind his piercing. And when it was only the head left in his too-warm mouth, he made it his very mission to touch every inch of it with the sphere of his jewelry.

With tightening fingers and the tug of blond hair, George was falling to the floor. Back sliding down against the door in a hopeless chase for stability, gasping breaths given up to the ceiling when his head tipped back to knock against wood. And the lips that were wrapped around his cock pulled off, large hands around his waist staying put.

It wasn't until George was on the floor that their eyes met again. Pale fingers still wove through golden hair, hands squeezed bruising hip bones with the smirk of slick lips. And no words were spoken between them, nothing more than the mix of heaving breaths until Dream was sliding away from the door, sliding so he could shove his head back between George's legs and take him down his throat again.

And it was new angles put to the best possible use, it was George's thighs squeezing around his head hard enough to make Dream moan, it was a heel digging into his back with enough force to push his shoulder down against the floor. Unkind hands tugged his head down harder and made him gag, made his eyes water when he rolled up with the trail of slick piercings over veins.

George looked about ready to break. There were tears gathered in his eyes, too, a desperate look painted all across his face and trailing down to the noticeable rise and fall of his flushed chest. And he whined at the loss of Dream's mouth, whined differently when a tongue dragged up the length of his cock piercing-first.

It was so, *so* much better than George had ever dreamed it would be. Even through guilty fantasies and a misused barbell caught between his fingers he'd never managed to do it quite right. And he'd never had the metal in tandem with lips around his cock, never had it all at once and right next to hazy eyes that seemed to watch his every move.

Dream was hot. Dream had always been hot, and he'd been hotter with metal shot straight through his tongue. But he was fucking *hot* with lips wrapped around George's cock, when his cheeks had gone pink and his mouth was swelling in unkind use.

But it was when he shoved his head back down toward the base again that George *really* moaned, when Dream's top teeth dragged against his cock in what could only be described as a mistake. But the way George groaned said he didn't want it to be a mistake, the way his thighs tightened around Dream's head and hands pulled him down without a thought to let him breathe.

Experimentally, Dream dragged his teeth along the top of George's cock again. The flutter of eyes when they rolled back into George's head told him all he needed to know, but it was painfully obvious in the "*more, please,*" that spilled unwillingly past pink lips.

Dream laughed when he pulled off of George's cock, when the obscene *pop* rang loud in his ears. "More?" George whimpered in answer. "More teeth?"

Hands tugged Dream down until lips hit against the slick head of his cock, until a tongue piercing was gliding against the most sensitive skin. “Please.”

Dream tried to grin through his mouthful, but he still wasted no time answering George’s plea. He slid back down without hesitation, the drag of top teeth in tandem with the roll of a slick piercing, lips held tight enough to somehow keep every sensation feeling the strongest.

And George was long past the point of no return. It was rough ivory and gentle silver, it was slick and hot in all the right places. Dream’s mouth was made of something heavenly, and the piercing he kept inside it was only the perfect type of bonus.

George could feel himself getting closer, could feel the way it built up inside him until it all threatened to burst. And it was clear that Dream could feel it, too, because with the final drag of teeth and metal, he pulled fully off of George’s cock. The displeased whimper that came from George’s lips only made him grin, thighs falling away from their place bracketing his skull when he moved to sit up on his knees properly.

“Not yet,” Dream whispered, crawling forward to slot their lips together again.

It was a little strange, the way George could taste himself off of Dream’s tongue. It was only in the faintest echoes, only hidden beneath the surface when he cared enough to look. He still led with the bite of every wet dream, still led with the tang of metal where it rolled across lips.

George whined, hands cupping Dream’s face with fruitless attempts to tug him closer. It was a slick mess of lips-on-lips, sliding against each other with the click of teeth and metal. George whimpered when his mouth lost Dream’s, when he was tugging away and dragging a metal-adorned tongue along swollen lips to gather excess spit.

“Get on the bed.”

And George didn’t need to be told twice.

Despite the weakness in his knees, George stumbled his way to the bed. And he fell onto the mattress back-first, was quickly met with Dream and his tall, looming figure where it immediately moved to fix his position. And *fix* meant throw him onto his stomach, meant tugging his sweats and boxers clean off and discarding them on the floor.

As if out of instinct, George pressed his face into the pillows and lifted his hips up off the bed to stick his ass up. The responding groan that came out from behind him said he’d done something right, and the slap he got on his ass said the same thing but louder.

It was a threatening amount of tension—coming from the way he couldn’t see anything Dream was doing behind him, the way he couldn’t feel his hands anywhere on his body, the way it was silent besides breath and the occasional rustle of sheets. It was all quiet in the hottest, worst way possible until two hands gripped onto George’s ass and dared to spread him apart.

Until he felt breath fanning right against his hole, and George knew exactly where this was going.

A pierced tongue dragged against his hole, metal catching against the rim in all the right ways. And George was already whining, whining before Dream could even sink his tongue inside of him properly, before he could feel the catch of metal spheres in two places instead of one and it stretched him just a little bit wider than normal.

And he was pushing back against Dream’s mouth, two hands gathering bedsheets beneath palms when he whined loud enough to swallow the groan that spilled out inside of him.

Lips pushed against him, a tongue twisting and licking and *stretching* at his rim with enough fervor to last a fantasy of forever. Dream licked into him without second thought, dragged pretty metal against all the *most sensitive fucking parts of him* until George was drooling pathetically onto the pillowcase. And he knew Dream was drooling, too—though the spit running out of George’s slick hole felt a lot more justifiable.

Two large hands grabbed him roughly by the waist, tugged him hard enough to drag knees across the bed until he was pulled as close as he could get to Dream. Until his tongue was shoved inside him as far as it could go, until it was twisting and spinning inside of him with the tantalizing catch of metal and he could *feel* himself melting into the sheets.

“Dream,” George whimpered, “Dream, *please*,” he gasped over a moan when the barbell caught his rim, “I need you to fuck me.”

Breath shuddered against his hole, tongue pulling back in allowance for words. “Yeah? You need it?”

George whined, pushing his hips back to see if he could chase the feel of his tongue. But with slow laughter that sounded strange around an intrusion, Dream pushed George’s hips back into place. And it wasn’t until a slick *pop* rang out from behind him that George realized Dream had shoved a finger down his throat.

“Yeah,” George pleaded, “need it.”

Dream only hummed in acknowledgment, but there was barely a moment to breathe between then and when he licked his way back into George. When his metal-glowing tongue was accompanied by the tip of his index finger, when it dragged a high whine from the center of George’s throat at the feel of the stretch.

A spit-slicked finger slid in alongside Dream’s tongue—a tongue that hadn’t bothered to stop moving, licking upward and letting George roll his hips back against the intrusion. A spit-slicked finger finally penetrated him in entirety, twisted alongside a pierced tongue that knocked metal against George with every move.

He moaned into the pillow, sound half-muffled by the fabric it spilled into. But everything was spinning including the room, everything felt *too good* when it stretched him open with the promise of something more. And George let himself get caught up on that something more, let his hazy mind catch on the visual of Dream’s cock disappearing inside him and filling him up without room to breathe.

“Please,” George panted, Dream’s tongue spearing him impossibly deeper, “please, Dream, *please* fuck me.”

A barbell caught around George’s rim, but it was alone in its retreat. Instead, Dream replaced his tongue with his middle finger, scissoring inside of George before he could even adjust, stretching him wide open without mercy.

“Keep begging,” Dream’s voice curled sickly ebon, “and I just might.”

Two fingers twisted as if in emphasis, the wet sounds of both too much and not enough spit obscene by definition. But George took it like he took the fall of spit against his hole, where it surely trailed against Dream’s retreating fingers before they fucked back into him again, rough and without a single whisper of gentleness.

Just the way he liked it.

“Dream, *please*,” George gasped, feeling a third finger prod at his rim. “Fuck, please, *please* fuck me, I’ve been good, I just want—”

He cut himself off in a whimper when that third finger slipped in, when it sent his legs kicking against the mattress with the sting of too much stretch and not enough time. George was all panting moans without half the mind to muffle himself, nothing more than desperate where he struggled to find his words again.

“Keep going,” Dream urged, twisting three fingers inside of George, “c’mon, baby, I know you can beg more than that.”

George whimpered, legs falling still aside from the unconscious shake in his thighs. And he was rolling his hips back in search of Dream’s quick-moving fingers, chasing after them every time they drew back and pushing hard whenever he plunged in.

“Please,” George sputtered, voice run slick with drool, “please, I’m stretched enough, *fuck*.”

Curse words served both as emphasis and command, and Dream finally obeyed with the removal of his fingers. And despite all his helpless pleading, George still whimpered when he found himself empty, empty aside from leftover spit that dripped from his hole with an obscene slickness that Dream would learn to crave.

Though, maybe he didn’t need to learn anything, for he was already leaning down to lick his own spit up with a pretty pierced tongue.

But before George could whine and cry much more, Dream grabbed his hips and flipped him over. And George finally got to see Dream leaning over him in all his wildly sexy glory, with spit-slick lips and a body that was beading with sweat, with a brand new lack of pants and his cock looking hard as ever.

Fuck, did George *want* it. Wanted it enough to moan just looking at it, enough to go half cross-eyed when he tried to fix his gaze. It made Dream smirk with signature arrogance, made him click metal against ivory teeth with just enough volume to be heard over panting breath. And George was already spreading his legs, already bending his knees to lift them up off the bed in hopes that Dream would throw them over his shoulders.

And he did, but not until he’d uncapped a bottle of lube and moved to slick up his cock with one hand. But with the slow motion of his hand, he grabbed onto George’s thigh and threw his leg over his shoulder, inched closer with the *thunk* of a forgotten bottle against the mattress when he lined his cock up where it mattered most.

George was already drooling.

“Ready?”

Dream didn’t need to ask, but he did anyway. And George was clenching his fists until nails dug into his palms when he tried to find the words.

“Fuck, *please*.”

Whether it was a plea or a command, Dream slid into him. Felt the catch of George’s rim where it took his cock with greed, felt his insatiable tightness that surrounded when he sank in deeper. And George was already moaning, thighs shaking where they surrounded Dream’s waist and bracketed

his chest, mind running empty when he couldn't place words in the sickest kind of desperacy.

Dream sank down to the hilt, gasped over his breath when hands fell against the mattress. And George brought his hands up to catch around Dream's shoulders, to catch freckled skin beneath palms with reckless intent.

God, George felt so *full*. He hadn't felt like this in far too long, hadn't felt someone everywhere in such a way that made it feel hard to breathe. But he sputtered over every inhale because it was worth it, because he *wanted* it, because he'd begged for this and he'd beg for it again. He was dripping precum against his stomach in a quantity that felt absurd, but the first shift of Dream's hips made it seem justified.

"Fuck," Dream cursed, immediately shifting his hips again.

And George gave him the most eager responses, tried his best to ask for more without ever having to find the words. He reveled in the feeling when Dream's thrusts became steady and intentional, when he could feel him sliding in and out of him in every single inch until his nails were digging right into Dream's skin.

He practically tore him open, but the heavy groans against his neck urged him not to stop. Groans became panting breaths when pace increased, and it all became muffled pleasure when lips mashed together with a desperate chase for metal. George spread his lips open without a hint of hesitation, and he let Dream lick his pierced tongue back into his mouth in eager waiting.

Metal clashed with teeth and everything tasted like messy pleas, everything tasted so *good* and metallic where it spread across waiting lips. Every noise that spilled from George's open mouth spread right against Dream, and he caught it just like George caught all his groans.

The room was filled to the brim with obscenity in every noise. In the slap of skin-on-skin, in slick lube and wet spit, in desperate groans that served to muffle each other on pink lips. In the shake of a bedframe and the hit against the wall, in terribly desperate noises that came when blood rolled down a muscled back.

George whined when he felt it beneath his nails. But the catch of a silver barbell against his tongue gave him something to chase, something to pick his head up off the bed for with a want for something *more*.

Lips fell apart with echoes of metal and obvious slickness. George moaned loud and unabashed when Dream thrust into him again, stuttered over an unknown beg of "*Dream*," without quite knowing exactly what he was asking for. So Dream gave it to him rougher in answer, and somehow that felt *right*.

Harsh with the slam of hip bones, spurred on by every *please* that came out of pretty pink lips. Dream gripped onto George's thigh and wrangled his body against the bed, pinned his knee down to the mattress opposite the shoulder he'd pulled it off of, left George twisted and crying into his pillow.

Nails had long fallen off of shoulders, but that didn't erase the thin trickles of blood where they ran down his back. And it certainly didn't erase the catch of scarlet on George's fingertips, or the way it rubbed off his skin and onto pale bed sheets.

With large hands on his waist, Dream fucked into George harder. With choked-out screams spilled out toward the wall, George begged for more. And who would Dream be to deny a request so pretty?

“Feel good?” he taunted, emphasizing his sentiment with the harsh thrust of his hips.

George moaned in response, drool spilling from his mouth without enough mind to stop.

“So good,” he slurred, mind spun hazy in a sex-driven stupor, “close.”

Dream groaned, reangling his hips to fuck George in a different way. And that was really all it took, a thrust in just the right place that pulled a string of “*right there!*” s from George’s lips with his hands caught tight in bedsheets and white spilling out against his chest.

Dream watched his face contort in all the hottest ways, watched the spit spill out of his mouth when his lips dropped open on a cry. And he stained the bed sheets sick with his release, made himself sticky and *hot* with the shut of his eyelids and the cry of Dream’s name.

“Fuck,” Dream cursed, slowing his thrusts in hopes of letting George catch his breath.

But George had never cared much for his breath. “*Don’t stop.*” He just wanted Dream to come inside him.

And Dream had no plans to ignore that desire. So he found his prior harshness, found his prior speed and the way he’d fucked into George without any thoughts of mercy. But he struck him in the right spot more often than he missed it, dragged his whined out louder than they’d been without overstimulation and mindless want.

But it wasn’t long before Dream was coming, too. Painting George’s insides white and sticky and *his*, hips stuttering until they slowed to a stop and he only had half the mind to pull out. Pull out and *watch*, watch his cum spill out of George’s hole with the twisted mix of lube and spit alongside it.

It was way too hot for what it was.

But he still fell against the bed right next to George, dropped his head to the side to meet his eyes through a post-sex haze. George was panting, face flushed and wet with tears and drool, entire body clearly in chase of the breath he’d lost.

“Kiss me,” George managed to whisper, eyes half-lidded and barely catching on Dream’s fucked-out face. “Kiss me, please.”

Dream obliged the request as soon as it hit his ears, slipped his tongue back into George’s mouth before their lips even touched. And it was metal-flavored in quiet familiarity, in a way that made cleaning up feel far away but in the good way. They were wrapped up in each other beneath the same roof, and George had finally gotten a taste of Dream’s not-so-new piercing.

There was something silent in their kiss that told him there’d be more.

## End Notes

i couldn't pick between a blowjob and a rimjob so .... both.

[my twitter](#) and i promise you this fic would not be posted without all my lovely followers on there :D thank you thank you <3

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